**The Distances**

*Henry Rago*

**This house, pitched now  
The dark wide stretch  
Of plains and ocean  
To these hills over  
The night-filled river,  
Billows with night,  
Swells with the rooms  
Of sleeping children, pulls  
Slowly from this bed,  
Slowly returns, pulls and holds,  
Is held where we   
Lock all distances!**

**Ah, how the distances  
Spiral from that  
Secrecy:  
Room,  
Rooms, roof  
Spun to the huge  
Midnight, and into  
The rings and rings of stars.**

from *A Sky of Late Summer*, 1963   
The Macmillan Company

Copyright 1963 by Henry Rago.  
All rights reserved.   
Reproduced with permission ([*click for permissions information*](https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-permissions.html#006)).